

**Skinny Mope Claims: 'I Was A  
\$6-Million Man for the CIA'**

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**Romance Creates a Furor  
In Tiny Nation of Miltar**

# Jackie Being Wooed By European Emperor

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**From EXTRA's Travel Desk**

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**PAUL NEWMAN:**

**'I Was Viciously Attacked  
By a Girl Motorcycle Gang'**

Awful Details on Page 7

# THIS MAD WORLD

By News Extra International Staff

## Hospital Learns Trick To Keep Patients Happy

LAKEWARM, Ariz. — The waiting list is so long at Lakewarm County Hospital that patients are going to have to wait until next year to be sick.

A crisis exists in this played-out raving town. It began when hospital administrators instituted a new plan to keep patients happy.

Now, once a day, a professional surprise artist goes from bed to bed with his traveling show.

"It sure speeds up recovery time," said Dr. James DuPont. "But most outpatients women her 14-1-1."

### THOSE DISGUSTING DOPES IN MILITARY

RUTLAND, Milr — In a move that both shocked and surprised residents of this tiny European principality nestled high in the Alps, King Vitar III has outlawed marijuana, heroin, cocaine and other hard drugs but outlawed cigarettes.

The beloved monarch's ruling came after he suffered through a poker game at the home of Naval Secretary Italia Bachmann and was the only one of the seven players who did not smoke.

The king also lost an estimated 245-crofton moccasins — about \$306 — in the game. He was not pleased.

### WHAT A RELIEF!

BOGOTA, Colombia — Travelers to this tropical South American resort country are happy to learn that they no longer will have to wait to look for cocaine or drugs to hitchhike to relieve themselves.

In an effort passed down from the federal government, all restaurants, bars, service stations, bus terminals, airports and other buildings serving the general public must have indoor plumbing.

In a bid to end, however, the ratio of sidewalk toilets is one toilet for every 30 men and one for every 20 women.

But no toilets will be required in ladies' facilities.

### DON'T CALL POLICE, THEY'RE UNLISTED

DUNCANVILLE, Pa. — If you have to call the police in this Eastern town, don't bother to look up their number in the telephone book.

It is not there.

The Duncanville Police Department probably is the only law enforcement agency in the world with an unlisted number.

### HAVE GRASS, WILL TRAVEL

CHASERBURG, Wis. — A major drug crisis has struck this quiet farm community.

The problem began when Lerner Gerald P. McKnight called all the marijuana plants from his three-acre garden, driving local youths into a panic.

It compounded when McKnight disappeared, leaving behind a note that read: "Gone to Chicago. Be back with seeds next spring."

Local marijuana junkies have lost their supplier and are about to riot in the streets.

### BEST PLACE TO GET AN ENEMA

SECAUCUS, N.J. — Mayor Wendell P. Johnson is delighted to announce that the American Junior Chamber of Commerce and Extraterrestrial has named his town as "the place in America most likely to receive an enema."

"I'm honored," Johnson said. "We've worked together for years to bring this award to Secaucus. I can't think of a more deserving town."

### BATTLE CREEK WEEPS OVER RALPH

BATTLE CREEK, Mich. — City fathers are mourning the loss of Ralph the Rat, the popular rodent who inhabited every gin in storage bin in town. Carrying out his work, however, will be his 4,500 offspring born last year.

"Ralph was a rat, but he was a profile," a city health inspector said.

### RADIO STAR KILLED FOR HAVING AFFAIR OVER THE AIR

RELOXI, Miss. — Local radio star Harvee Southe has been bludgeoned to death for allegedly having an affair with his station-owner's wife over the air.

"I had to do it," GUR-Ratha owner Randy Tabbal said. "I couldn't stand his wife anymore. But my wife, he could have kept her for all I care."

## Not Satisfied With Showing Her Navel, She Wants to Romp Nude

# Cher's Shamful Battle With the Network Brass

By BOSCO VILICAN

Salty Cher Bono is threatening to walk out on her TV show because she wants to go nude and network censors won't let her.

The adorning behind-the-scenes struggle was leaked exclusively by NEWS EXTRA as the Cher Show with an associate of the Cher Show who insisted on anonymity.

"It's true, all true," said the associate, shaking his head.

"Cher thinks she has a body comparable to mine, and she wants to show it to the world before it starts to melt on her — she's almost 30, you know."

"I understood she harped right into the producer's office in a sleazy dress with nothing underneath, whipped it all in one motion, stood there in her slender nakedness and said: 'I want to show this to the world.'"

"WELL, I can tell you the producer passed out on the spot. He's a family man, a titting Methodist — something a bit strange in our business — and nothing like that ever happened to him before."

Cher, not a bit flustered, then took her request to other network big shots, reportedly using the same strip play.

"The way she figured it, it would be a surprise. There would be this one segment of the show that wasn't taped. Cher would come on live, dressed in one of her silky outfits, and with no warning slip out of it just as if she were alone in her bedroom getting ready to take a shower."

"With no comment, she then would break into one of her canny songs, like 'Gypsies, Tramps, and Thieves' or the Love Theme from 'Taken Care The Stranger.'"

However, there would be no catch. Cher would NOT be completely nude. She would wear a thin, sheer lace thong in its usual place, her navel.

"It is my trademark. I'd be naked without it," she is said to have explained.

Believe it or not, some network execs thought the idea was a great one.

"Nakedness has come to the screen, can public hair on TV be far behind?" one man argued.

But alas, though executives and producers gave tentative agreement, the idea was nixed by censors.

NEWS EXTRA was privileged to see a copy of the official memo the censor sent to Cher and her backers.

"We respectfully decline your request to have Miss Bono appear on network television displaying full frontal nudity," it said.

"While we appreciate the impulse for (forgotten) vicariously to push the frontiers of liberty viewing toward a new, mature viewpoint, we see no good purpose served by this request."



NEWS EXTRA discounted the rumor that Cher was urged to go nude on TV by her husband, Gregg Allman. Allman hasn't the imagination to dream up anything so revolutionary, we were told.

"WHILE CHILDREN and censors certainly have the emotional maturity to accept nudity, we must keep in mind that the Cher Show is seen by millions of impressionable adults as well."

"I would not add fuel to the network to be responsible for millions of upstart lanky scoundrels in the homes of America, where leering ladies might be spotted to behave erotic behavior when consumed by the image of a major female entertainer with no clothes on."

"The request is regrettably denied. If you come up with a similar idea involving Raquel Welch, call us again. We'll work something out. Cher allegedly was incensed by the decision."

"She says she will retaliate by making up millions of nude pictures

of herself and plastering them on every utility pole in America," NEWS EXTRA's tipster said.

"HER ATTITUDE seems to be: 'If you've got it, flaunt it.'"

"She has adopted a compromise. She says she will wear a rhinestone in her navel to wear as big as the one she usually carries there. But it's been no soap."

NEWS EXTRA investigated and discounted one report that Cher was urged to go nude on TV by her rock star husband, Gregg Allman.

"No truth to that," we were told. "Mr. Allman hasn't the imagination, shall we say, to dream up anything so revolutionary."

"He just goes along picking and pinching" and lets Cher develop her own career ideas."

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**FEUD OF GLAMOUR QUEENS ERUPTS  
AS PHYLLIS DILLER CACKLES ...**

# Raquel Welch Wears Falsies!



Wouldn't you say NEWS EXTRA readers? Does Raquel Welch wear falsies as the glamorous Phyllis Diller claims?



Two of Tinseltown's most glamorous women are engaged in the feud of the decade and film colony wags predict they may scratch each other's eyes out before they call a truce.

The war began when Phyllis Diller accused Raquel Welch of wearing falsies.

And Raquel, in turn, declared that Phyllis wears a wig.

According to NEWS EXTRA's source, the two women attended a cocktail party given by Roman Polanski in his new home in Benedict Canyon.

The Polish producer-director had invited 300 of Hollywood's elite, but only 50 showed up.

The affair began at 5 p.m. and at midnight everyone was pretty slushed from drinking vodka on the rocks.

"ROMAN WAS holding court near the pool," the source said. "Phyllis was sitting on his knee and sllobbering all over him about what a great talent he has."

"Raquel came over and bounced down on the other knee."

"Phyllis was outraged and pushed Raquel into the pool. She screamed like the devil that she couldn't swim and would someone please save her."

"And Phyllis just laughed and shouted, 'Those big fake breasts you wear will keep you afloat forever.'"

The source told NEWS EXTRA that Polanski was too drunk to save anyone. "He just kept drinking vodka and rambling on and on about being a Polish count."

"Fortunately, Raquel had fallen into the shallow end of the pool and when she surfaced, up enough to breathe it, she got up and climbed out."

In the meantime, Raquel had gone back into the house where Polanski had set up a buffet supper. She was eating a huge plate of stuffed cabbage when Raquel marched over to her.

"RAQUEL DIDN'T say a word," the source went on. "She picked up the barrels of cabbage and clamped them on Phyllis' head."

"Phyllis started yelling like a banshee and Raquel just smiled and told her to take her wig off and have the head wash it."

With that, Phyllis reportedly started chasing Raquel around the huge house trying to tear her clothes off.

And when Phyllis came close to catching her, Raquel would pivot and go far her hair.

"It was like the Keystone Cops," the source said, laughing at the memory.

"There is no telling what might have happened if Roman hadn't come swinging through the room, on a crystal chandelier, naked as a newborn babe, yelling, 'I am so a Polish count.'"

"Enough is enough, even in Hollywood and that's when the party broke up."

But the two glamorous goddesses remained incensed.

"THE NEXT morning, Raquel woke up to find her yard littered with foam rubber falsies," NEWS EXTRA's source continued. "She had slept quite late and the Hollywood tear buses had started making rounds. You can imagine her anger when she looked out the window and saw her loads of people taking pictures of the falsies."

"She had to get even, so she bought a blonde wig, soaked it in kerosene then put-wrapped it with a note that read: 'Better a wet head than a bald head.' It was delivered to Phyllis while she was dining with a new admirer at the Polo Lounge."

The feud has progressed to the point that Phyllis warns Raquel, "I'm warning you, Raquel sends Phyllis bottles of hair-growing formula."

"It's the talk of Hollywood," said NEWS EXTRA's source. "And, you know, Roman is mad at both of them because they're getting all the attention and no one who is any one even cares if he is a Polish count."



Glamorous Phyllis started the war of glamour queens by declaring in public that Raquel Welch wears falsies.





# Amazing Hamlet Where Folks Live to Be 150!

World famous anthropologist Maggie Meaders has discovered a remote country hamlet where almost everyone lives to be more than 150 years old.

Dr. Meaders, who is associated with Deep South University in Gator, Ga., refused to give the exact location of the hidden valley.

But she told NEWS EXTRA in an exclusive interview that the tiny backwoods community is known as Kickapoo Hollow, Ky., and it lies in the Cumberland Plateau near the Virginia border.

"I was backpacking through the Appalachian Mountains on my vacation," said the stout, gray-haired Dr. Meaders. "I'd been out for 16 days when I came across Kickapoo Hollow.

"The noise is what attracted my

attention. There was a real commotion; people howling and yelling like a real celebration going on."

HAVING HEARD about hostile hill folks, Dr. Meaders approached the area with caution. Peeking from behind a large tree, she saw a group of old folk square dancing, playing the fiddle and having a high-old time.

"I didn't see any guns so I walked through a little clearing and introduced myself," she went on. "There were about 30 old folks and an assortment of young people ranging from wee bairns to middle-age."

"They invited me to join the party and I was happy they did. Being alone for so long, I was craving company."

Dr. Meaders joined the dancing and after the first set, her partner offered her refreshments.

"That's about all I remember till the next morning," she admits. "I found out I had taken a drink of the most potent moonshine the body can tolerate. I passed out."

She added that she was so sick and hung over that her now mildly friendly friends felt responsible for taking care of her.

FOR TWO weeks, she remained in Kickapoo Hollow.

"We got friendly and that's how I found out their ages. I had figured the old folks to be in their 60s or 70s and I was very impressed with their vim and vigor."

"Then I found out that Old Buck, as they call him, is 167 years old. He was my square dance partner and I tell you, there is no spryer man than Buck."

"I also learned that Buck fathered 17 children. The ones who left Kickapoo Hollow died in their 80s and 90s. The ones who remained are still alive and I talked to them."

Dr. Meaders told NEWS EXTRA that she heard a 19-generation family living in the Hollow.

"That's the Bolger clan," she recalls. "The old woman, Granny, is 171 years old. Her daughter Ruby is 88 and Granny's youngest relative, her great, great, great, great, great, great, great grandson, Michael is 38."

In the interest of science, Maggie Meaders tried to learn the secret of the Kickapoo Hollow residents' longevity.

"AT FIRST, I thought it might be something in the moonshine, so I sneaked a bottle home. But one of the lab boys here at Deep South died after drinking the stuff, so that can't be it."

"I'm sure it's not the diet. They eat a lot of sow belly and greens but so do lots of other folks and they die like the rest of us."

"I finally got to thinking about it and I came up with a solution. The folks in Kickapoo Hollow are totally uneducated. Their relatives who move to the city go ahead and die at a normal, respectable age."

"It is my learned opinion," said Dr. Meaders, pausing, "that those damn fools in Kickapoo Hollow are just too damn ignorant to die."

"They just don't know any better than to go right on living."



Old Buck, as they call him, is 167 years old. "There is no spryer man than Buck," the distinguished anthropologist says.

The old codgers in Kickapoo Hollow drink the most potent moonshine the body can tolerate, Dr. Meaders learned.

Doesn't Wear Helmet! How Can He Do It?

# President Ford Works Out With Pro Football Squad!

By STURGIS K. FORNEY  
NEWS EXTRA  
Washington Correspondent  
and  
URBAN KOLAPIS  
NEWS EXTRA  
Sports Editor

President Ford has been working out secretly with the Washington Redskins professional football team, NEWS EXTRA has learned. And he has not been wearing his helmet.

"This has been going on for weeks," an inside source said. "I began just as the National Football League teams were making their final cuts before beginning the regular season.

"As everyone knows, Gerry leaves the sport. It's no secret that he was a star at the University of Michigan, where he became an All-American.

"THAT WAS long, long ago, but he still hasn't kicked the football bug. Even now, when he's 62 years old and an old man, he still wants to play."

Ford's change came in mid-August, when he dropped by



President Ford

Washington's Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Stadium to watch the Redskins work out, the source said.

"He struck up a conversation along the sidelines with Redskins coach George Allen. He got to reminiscing about how it was to play in the 'good, old days' and how soft the players of today are.

"Well, a few of Allen's men overheard him and didn't like what

he had to say. They challenged him to put on a uniform and see how long he could last.

"The President is always up for a challenge. He turned to Allen and said, 'Why not?'

"George gave him the go-ahead, and he sprinted to the dressing rooms to change."

FORD LOOKS "giddy," in his uniform, No. 53, the source said.

"The first day at practice, he knew enough not to go full tilt. He decided to come back for the next week or two to get back in shape."

Pretty soon, however, the President was putting aside official White House business to memorize Redskins plays. He wanted to be sure to execute properly if Allen ever gave him the chance to get into a game.

Although the coach is impressed with Ford's athletic abilities and proficiency at the game, he reportedly is disturbed because the President refused to put on head gear.

"He says he just won't have it," the source said. "He says: 'We played without 'em when I was a kid.



Gerry Ford as an All-American at the University of Michigan

We can play without 'em now."

BECAUSE OF his insistence to practice and refusal to take proper precautions, the President has suffered two concussions during workouts, but nothing serious enough to sideline him for more than a few plays.

His speed is retaining, and he sped for the 40-yard dash has increased from 6.7 to 5.3 seconds.

He is only a few fractions of a second behind the Redskins' regular center and is improving every day.

"At first, it was a real joke to have him in camp," said a running back who preferred not to be named.

"We used to kid him about being a little old and things like that. But now, we don't know. He's a real leader type, and you never have enough leaders.

"I wouldn't be surprised at all if when he improves his quickness, he isn't signed to a playing contract.

"THAT WILL make George Allen, the oldest man in the game, look young by comparison."

It is no secret that George Allen likes older players better than younger ones, the player said, noting that year after year, the coach trades away college draft choices for veterans.

Meanwhile, the President reportedly is confident he can make the squad.

"Gerry is our kind of man," he added. "But I don't think we can sign him unless we get him to wear proper protection."

He is looking forward to turning pro now, something he turned down many years ago.

Back then, they only made a few hundred dollars a game. Now, he believes he can negotiate a six-figure contract.



Ford (next to camera at right) is looking forward to tussling with pro, NEWS EXTRA has learned.

# Rhonda Reed's

## Celebrity Notebook

### Undistinguished Gator Picked For Filming of 'Swamp Mama'

They Gator, Gator, is again at being on the map for the first time in its undistinguished history. Rhonda Reed's film "Swamp Mama" stars, and the infamous of movie backs into the target town, has delighted the locals. "It's the best thing to happen to Gator since the Ku Klux Klan," said Mayor Billy Joe McCallister.

Encouraged by First Lady Betty Ford's liberal comments on adolescent sexuality, Parn-Town Productions, Inc., sent the White House a print of its new X-rated epic, "Too Many Orgasms Spinal the Tomorrow." However, the package was returned to the company's corporate offices, unopened.

Epic Productions has shelved its project, "The Giant Man-Eating Beaver" for the present. Studio executives said it would cost too much to build a replica of the 30-foot creature that was shot and killed last summer in Wisconsin after terrorizing several rural communities. "Too bad, after all the press publicity we put out," said Carlo Contrata, chief of production. "We would have had the best beaver picture ever to come out of Hollywood."

Eighteen-year-old skin stick star Wanda Cosmoval walked off the set of "House of Deviates" as the middle of an orgy scene. Studio execs later found out she had slept with her ex-boyfriend Freddie Levittes, Jr. "From this day forward, I devote myself to Freddie and the Lord," Wanda wrote her ex-employees.

Outside a posh Hollywood nightclub, long-refined silent screen star Steve Curlewson, Jr. is in league for peanuts and alcohol. This is strange as Max is known to be worth \$1 million. "I just want people to feel sorry for me," he explained to this columnist.

Our town is saddened by the suicide of lovely, 25-year-old Jessie Fliender, daughter of screen idol Robert Fliender and his third wife, Penny Wilkoff. It was drugs again - poor Jessie OD'd on aspirin, popping 200 of the deadly pills and washing them down with a gallon of vodka. Rattor has it she scratched a suicide note with a penknife before her death.

No, Raquel Welch is NOT a man who had a sex change, despite what you read in that so-called reliable newspaper. Neither is Steve McQueen a three-foot dwarf who is mistaken for normal size by camera trucks in his movies. God knows how such rumors got started. It is true, though the Filipino starlet Carmen Montalido is a hermaphrodite, as she'll prove in her first full-length feature, "My Love, Myself," due for November release.

No, porn star Marilyn Chambers is NOT a robot, despite what you read in that other paper. Good grief, some people will believe anything so long as it's in print.

No truth in that report, either, that Steve McQueen was killed for robbing his cycle through Ford's Law Center. We have it straight from the here's mouth that it was his wife Al MacGregor, misreading Steve's new wheels while he was on a business trip, and the DIBBY got a ticket. No-porn vehicle could match the cycle's speed.

Actor Carmen McRiffle is living with five fashion models and their 36 dogs in a one-bedroom apartment in New York, a source tells me. The source said Carmen hates the girls and would move out but he loves the dogs. Remember, he starred on Broadway in the long-running hit, "Every Day But His Day."

A TV station in Burt Wood County, N.H., has caused a furore by running porno movies at Saturday morning when children's shows are normally aired. Station manager C. Blackow Artwood responds to critics by saying, "Children should learn about sex at an early age." Right, who has twice served prison terms for molesting children, said "Deep Throat" recently and someone put a bomb in his car. Fortunately, his wife started the car that morning and was blown to Kingdom Come.

Placing official Contrata Gorko stands at night after he awarded the \$100,000 first-prize money to "Branial Pasion" after the "high" won an international 1000s single chase. Yash Gorko and Toziko Kayakozza donated the other 99k and lost out to other mounts for the coveted prize. "It was the worst field of horses I've ever seen," Gorko told NEWS EXTRA.



### How Could a Dumb Thing Like This Ever Happen?

## Jerks Wearing Zebra Skin Win Horse Race

By URBAN KOLPITS  
NEWS EXTRA Sports Editor

Two men in a zebra suit have won the internationally famous Belgium steeplechase and have taken home the \$100,000 top prize.

"It was the worst field of horses I've ever seen," said money official Contrata Gorko. "But there was nothing I could do to stop from giving these jerks the money."

Racing under the name "Branial Pasion" and carrying jockey Hermosa Karkozza in the saddle, track stars Yash Gorkozza of Poland and Toziko Kayakozza of Japan left the gate at 137 1/2-to-1 odds and gained the lead at the first turn.

They negotiated 16 hurdles and water jumps successfully and without losing their rider and headed for home a full 24 lengths ahead of the nearest - and first real - horse in the 26-month field.

THE WINNING PRIZE of \$27 was the biggest payoff in Belgium this season, but it caused a fierce among many caregivers.

Several persons charged that the race had been fixed.

They cited the fact that anyone would have to be stoned to see two men wearing a zebra suit and carrying another on their back in a race against thoroughbreds.

A machine can run the mile at least three times faster than a human being, they pointed out, adding that the hurdles on the course were so high, the men had to be slowed down.

Nevertheless, the scandalous upset win by "Branial Pasion," aptly named because of its alternating white and black stripes, was allowed to stand.

The zebra skin, which once belonged to "Herpa," a private possession of the Royal Miller Zoo, will be returned to the European Steeplechase Hall at Paris because of the stanning upset.

OWNERS GORRANIS and Kayakozza stated they would donate the pile, since they don't plan to enter horse races anymore.

"We were just in it for the money," the Pole said. "Now that we've got it, we've got no reason to go back."

"Besides, the next time we're scheduled to go out, the track officials will probably assign us with a weight that will be too heavy to carry."

"We went off at 130 pounds, the lightest you can, at Belgium, and we'd probably be stuck with 130 or 140 next time. It just wouldn't have been sensible for us to do it."

Gorkozza and Kayakozza were in training for the steeplechase for six weeks. They practiced by carrying 200-pound bags of rice with them as they ran up and down the sides of Mt. Fujiyama in Japan.

IT WAS a grueling task, but it paid off rapidly.

Now, the two trackmen plan on using their money to buy a thoroughbred horse of their own.

"Once horse racing gets in your blood, it's there to stay," Kayakozza told NEWS EXTRA. "Now, I couldn't live any life away from the track."

"We want to have a stable that will beat any other in the world. We won't settle for less."

Their first purchase was Marvo, the 5-year-old colt, which has won six straight meets on the European circuit.

The only way they will return to the track as an entry themselves is if Marvo suddenly loses his touch, they said.

"But we'll never, never allow ourselves to be put out to stud."

# Paul Newman's Gut-Wrenching Confession:



## 'I Was Ambushed By All-Gal Cycle Gang'

By RHONDA REED  
NEWS EXTRA  
Hollywood Correspondent

A shaken and dismayed Paul Newman reportedly is telling friends how he was assaulted by a surly all-gal motorcycle gang.

The incident happened when he was driving through the Hollywood hills in his baby-powered sports car, a source told NEWS EXTRA.

According to the source, who says he was on hand when the popular actor gave his first-person account, Newman reportedly said:

"I was taking along the road at about 15 m.p.h., when these broads came up on me from behind.

"I thought I'd have a little fun with them, so we started to play chicken up and down the hills.

"THINGS WERE tough and go for a minute, when I cut off the leader, a really stacked blonde who was wearing a leather mini-skirt and leather jacket.

"She didn't like it too much, I guess. It was then that she and the others forced me off the road. I was just lucky that they pushed me into a drainage ditch instead of down the steep slope."

Only when the motorcycle gang, which he later learned was named "Lips and Wheels M.C.," removed its face slants did he realize what he'd gotten in to.

"Two of the broads were kind of cute, although kind of chunky," he reportedly said. "But the others, oh, man, were they dogs!"

"They were flat, out-and-out dykes, the meanest dykes I've ever seen."

"They took one look at me and said: 'Oh, boy, it's Paul Newman! Let's have a little fun!'"

"I wish they hadn't said that."

THE NEXT thing the actor knew, the four burly dykes, two of whom looked as if they shaved every day, were closing in on him.

They pulled him from behind the wheel and into the brush a few yards away.

"By that time, I was ready to have a fit," he said. "But the worst was yet to come."

At the cute blonde and semi-cute

broads smiled on and cheered, the four biffs pushed and shoved the actor unmercifully.

Then they started throwing punches at him.

"One dyke told me: 'I'm going to make instant oat out of your pretty face, kid.' And I know she meant it."

This continued for what seemed like hours, Newman said.

Finally, completely mortified by the gang-on, he fell to his knees and begged the meanest of the bunch not to hit him anymore.

"THAT UGLY dyke just laughed and kicked me away like a dog. It was then that the blonde leader—her name was 'Mean Mo'—said: 'Now, gurl! It's time for a real treat!'"

"Before I knew it, the four dykes were around me again. This time, they pinned me down on the ground. They must have been weightlifters, because struggle as I did, I just couldn't break their grip."

A few seconds later, the women had produced knives and slashed Newman's clothes to bits. Then they pulled the remaining strands of fabric from his body, leaving him naked as the sun set slowly in the West.

"I was terrified," he said. "Then these broads started taking off their clothes."

"I didn't mind it much when the two feminine broads did it. But when the dykes started disrobing, I just

viciously sick.

"SOME OF those dykes even had tattoos. One of them read: 'All men are pigs. Up with ...' (NEWS EXTRA could not print the seventh word.)"

As Newman reached this point in his story, however, he started to break down and cry, the source said.

"He said: 'Don't make me tell anymore. I just can't stand it. I can't

stand to think what those nasty broads made me do!'"

"Then he ran from the room, out the door and climbed behind the wheel of his sports car. A few seconds later, he was gone."

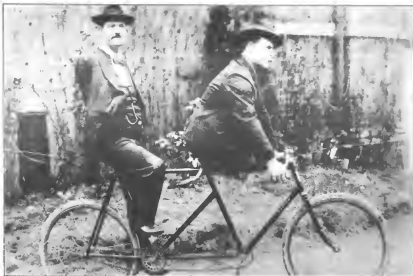
"I guess we'll never get to know what that motorcycle gang made Newman do," the source said.

"But the rumors I've been hearing indicate that his wife, Joan Woodward, hasn't let him teach her, since."



"Mean Mo," the leader of the pack, stands in front of the allegedly all-breast outfit that did awful things to Paul.

Newman is as apoplectic as most ladies with him over.



With Pat pedaling and Mike steering, the 44-year-old breaks hope to get their names in the record book as the first tandem bike team to cross the continental United States in the shortest time.

...And They're Doing It On Bicycle Built for 2

# Jocko With No Arms and His Twin Brother With No Legs Pedaling Across the Nation

By HEINRICH YUNICH

Pat Sprockett has no arms. His twin brother Mike has no legs. But with Pat pedaling and Mike steering, the 44-year-old breaks hope to get their names in the record book as the first tandem bike team to cross the continental United States in the shortest time.

This was to be hard even if it takes them 10 years. No other cyclists ever have been stupid enough to undertake such a venture.

Starting on a rutted dirt road at the edge of the Atlantic Ocean 75 miles east of Gator, Ga., last April 26, the brothers took their first step.

They intend to stay in that town of 175 souls for 18 days, begging, driving and quarters to enable them to continue the trip.

THEY FIGURE they can reach their destination, Salmon City, Wash., by October 1986.

"Unless our bike breaks down again," Pat told this NEWS EXTRA reporter. "This bike is a piece of junk we found in some town. We invested our life savings \$62.50 — it's fixing it up."

"It's been tough, pedaling across the South. The kids who throw rocks and yell at us are only a small part of the problem. We have no money for food and therefore in many communities we have had to turn ourselves in as vagrants to get a few free jail meals."

"We do get sheriff's escorts to the county line in many instances. This is often a help because the ignorant, violent hill billy kids don't stone us when the cop cars are right behind."

But of course, those Southern deputies can be pretty mean themselves, sometimes."

As we talked, Pat and Mike were sitting on a pile of dirt alongside Hog Wagon's mess (and only) street.

THE LOCALS already were aware of their presence. Two jangling youths at 17, wearing bike overalls, no shirt, and no bandanas around their necks, shuffled past and one yelled to armless Mike: "Hey, crop, you look tickered out. Let your

brother pedal awhile. How have you?"

Another grunted: "Don't let the sun set on you in this town, you flea-bitten freaks!"

Mike said: "They're harmless. We've learned that the ones you've got to get out of are those who don't say anything. They're the ones who come after you, throwing coils of cow dung and other substances too loathsome to mention."

NEWS EXTRA asked the brothers why they set out on their arduous journey, considering the disgust and hostility they elicit from the populace.

THEY EXPLAINED that living conditions were even worse for them in their home town of Gator, and that staying there might encounter on the highways and byways of this great nation could be only an improvement.

"Our mother was a retarded hooker," Mike said. "God knows who our father is, although we suspect he might be a local evangelist, Virgil Creech, who gave us a smack at the rear of his house to live in when we were 15."

"Mama threw us out when we were 15, saying the sight of us stinked her. With me on Pat's back, we went to an abandoned junk still nearby where we set up housekeeping, with only rats and snakes for company."

"We survived on rotten corn and the meat of the small rodents we were able to trap."

"One day, Rev. Creech found us scrounging in his garbage. He had a funny look on his face."

"THE SNAKE: The sight of you cream makes me sick, but I feel I owe you something." That leads us to believe he is our father, although he simply may have been acting on his natural compassion for the unfortunate."

"At any rate, he let us move in this leaky shack behind his house, and even gave us materials to fix the roof, and a wood-burning stove. Twice a day, his darker servant brought us leftovers from the dinner table."

Thanks to their Christian benefactor, the youths grew to maturity."

At 18, they got their first job. A carnival passing through Gator hired them for its freak show.

"For \$20 a week plus free food and living space, we put on

this freak brother fighting act each night," Pat said, scratching his nose with his big toe.

"Some-naked, we were tossed into a pit where I went at Mike with my feet and he went at me with his arms."

"THE CROWD had a hell, yelling as with rotten fruit and dung from the nearby elephant cage. But we were undoubtedly the biggest attraction in the show."

"By the time we had been on the Southern circuit for 10 years, they were making \$80 a week, an unheard-of wage in those days. Ah yes, those were the days."

Mike broke in: "Alas, we finally had to quit. We had broken each other's bones so many times in the fighting pit that the carnival doctor, a doddering old drunk who long had been banned from regular practice, warned as we'd be disabled permanently if we didn't retire."

"I said, 'But Doc, we're already disabled. We were born that way.' He said: 'I'm not talking about your disgusting handbills, I'm talking about the carnival's budget. Thanks to certain anticruelty legislation, we are forced to maintain you if you are permanently injured while in our employ. Now get the hell out!'"

THE BROTHERS fortunately had saved much of their wages over the years. Consequently, when they returned to their home town of Gator, they were able to buy, for back taxes, the shanty of their mother who had long since died of third-stage syphilis.

They renovated the shack and otherwise fixed it up to the extent that it was habitable by the usual local standards, and there they lived on their savings until early 1985, when their money was almost gone."

"That's when we got the bike built for two and got the idea of riding it across the nation," Mike said.

"Yes, things have been tough. But for us, that is life. We know that despite the cruelties we have suffered on this trip, the heartbeats of America is basically kind."

"WE FIGURE that by the time we near the West Coast, next year, our luck will change and people will open their hearts and pocketbooks to us."

"Whatever happens, we will have our little niche in history. "Look out for that rotten hamster!"



# Martians Are Nice Guys, Claims Our Vice President After a Ride on UFO!

By STURGIS K. POHNEY

NEWS EXTRA  
Washington Correspondent  
and  
ANSON VYHRASHUNS  
NEWS EXTRA  
Psychic Editor

In a daring move that has stunned political partisans and foes alike, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller has openly admitted that he believes Martians "are nice guys."

The former New York governor has been making the claim ever since a late-night cocktail party in the nation's capital.

Rockefeller reportedly left the party with one shot too many under his belt. He claims he climbed into a flying saucer instead of his limousine, which was supposed to transport him back home.

"I never thought I'd like a man from Mars until that night," a source quoted him as saying. "I really was an enlightening experience to drink aboard that UFO and to go for a ride."

"It's a good thing I was a little tipsy, or they'd never have been able to get me in that thing. Everything was foreign to me."



Nelson Rockefeller

"Besides, none of the equipment on board was made by any of the companies I control. I make it a point only to travel Rockefeller."

The grand-oldest politician's trip lasted about two hours, during which he grades took him on an aerial tour of Washington as well as secret missile bases buried deep inside Russia.

"My hosts were very convivial," he said. "They saw to my comfort all

along the way. They even made sure I had enough to drink."

"I didn't think I was going to like it at first. They called it 'Glow.' It smelled like old shoes and looked like unspiced sawdust."

"But once you get past the stench, it wasn't bad, not bad at all."

**DURING HIS** trip, Rockefeller discussed many topics of interest to men on Earth and Mars.

"One of them was the recent grain deal we set up," he said. "We're going to be resuing profits from this for years to come, and the only ones who are going to pay are the American consumers."

As reported previously in NEWS EXTRA, former Agriculture Department employee Robert S.D.J. Underwood claims that the reported grain sales to Russia are a hoax being used to cover up sales to Mars. Rockefeller's statement only confirms Underwood's allegations.

Among the other subjects the vice president discussed was the possibility of opening trade with Martians, with America offering cheap labor and the aliens supplying crude oil.

But Rockefeller did not expand further on that aspect of the conversation, nor did he choose to reveal from what segment of the American people the "cheap labor" would come.

**EVER SINCE** he returned to Earth from the trip, however, he has been a changed man, sources in Washington say.

"He's been concentrating all his energies to come up with a decent plan to offer the Martians, in which he would receive sole distributing rights for their spacecraft."

Even though he has vast holdings in oil and automotive industries here on Earth, he says that the days of the auto are limited.

"Space travel will be the up and coming thing," he believes.

Rockefeller described his space friends as "very nice guys — but damn tough businessmen."

"They looked very much like ordinary fellows. However, I think the Southerners people could teach them a lot about making bones. You wouldn't believe the hangover I had the next morning," the vice president said.



Rocky claims he climbed into a flying saucer instead of his limousine after a late-night test in our nation's capital.

THE DEVIL MADE THEM DO IT!

# Gusto Goes to Altoona & It Becomes Sin City of Nation!



Massages aren't something for just men. Gals flock to Altoona - to have men run their fingers all over their body.

By HECTOR VICTOR  
Travel Editor

Las Vegas is an old-folks' home. Desert Strip is a Sunday school camp. The new "in" sinning Sin Center Of The Universe is Altoona, Pa.

The neo-quant, God-fearing community overnight has become a cornucopia of copulation, a Gomorrah of gambling.

The nation's top restaurateurs beneath their managers to get them booked into the push new hotel lounges that line the length of Factory Street, once a dingy rutted thoroughfare frequented only by drunks and derelicts.

On the side streets, porno book stores and transsexual parlors are doing a 24-hour-a-day business. Inexpensive men clamor at the entrances, waiting their turn for "the most exquisite pleasures east of the Mississippi."

TEENAGED hookers - runaways from broken homes, mostly - linger seductively under every streetlight and in every doorway. Dressed as hostesses and toy holders, they seduce their most bodies at every lustful, passing male. Some will do for the price of a marijuana cigarette.

In the plush hotels, hordes and drunks sit here are crawling with heterosexual call girls and their lustiest agents.

The nights of Altoona are rent with the exquisite cries of young girls as orgasm.

Early each weekend, roads leading into the city are jammed with pleasure seekers. All flights into Altoona International Airport are booked solid till February, though the major airlines have quadrupled their jet service to the city.

FROM A population of 45,000 (1970 census), Altoona has burgeoned to 58,000 - and the end is not in sight.

There is no recession in Altoona. Construction workers are on triple-time, in round-the-clock shifts, building more gambling spots, nightclubs, swarming apartment complexes, hotels, dirty book stores. Every store and factory is clamoring for employees. There is zero unemployment in America's newest boom town.

Why, if all the pleasure in the world, has fun, frolic and fantastic good times come to what was, only a year ago, a Godforsaken nowhere blot on the landscape?

NEWS EXTRA talked with the Rev. Bobby Monday, head of a local nondenominational association, which is fighting a losing battle to restore Altoona to its former pious ways.

MONDAY, 45, and an associate, Mrs. Bertha Crump, 70, a former Baptist Church organist, compare the entire association. Other men of the cloth have joined the trend and lashed their sanctuaries into marriage mills.

One former pastor, who calls himself "Smoking Rev. Mike," has erected a huge neon sign atop his church that reads "LET GOD AND REV. MIKE JOIN YOU TOGETHER. THE LAWYER NEXT DOOR CAN PUT YOU AWAY."

Rev. Monday shook his head sadly. "I know Rev. Mike when he was the Rev. Michael G. Doughty," he said.

"But even the Devil came to Altoona, he has had two wives, a string of 15-year-old mistresses and what was once the paragon is now a hope dim. What a contrast on the fate our little community has suffered."



Sin, sin, sin! Everywhere you look in Altoona you'll find something to utilize the pleasures of the flesh. It's nothing but the work of the devil!

Yes, but what happened to change Altoona?

"NO ONE is sure," the pastor, who is a dwarf, said. "Some say the Mafia acted that certain cellars were public morality were lax, and moved in. Certainly the mob is here as force was."

"Some say that certain city officials saw a chance to get rich and corrupted the whole community for a handful of dirty dollars."

"Whatever it was, it was a moral effect. I may have to close my own church soon. My congregation is down to 11 Sunday worshippers, none younger than 25."

NEWS EXTRA then visited the spanking new Altoona Tourist Office. It is headed by Rocco (Rocky) Chianese, a former major hoodlum from Chicago reputed to be the big man of the New Altoona, with a finger in every vice operation in town.

"Altoona is needed a new playground near the East Coast," he said blithely. "30-cent discounts (bathing a blinding light from each policy dealer).

"DON'T BOTHNER me with stories about dogs and hooligans. We're giving the people what they want, and that's good clean entertainment. You talk about pigs and cocaine, I talk about full employment and a beautiful,



retained city where everyone, resident and visitor, is having the time of his life."

What about those reputed new heroin and cocaine processing plants, which have sprung up on the sites of the old Altoona Baggy Whip Co. and the Allegheny Club Works?

What about the \$10,000-a-week salaries paid to top entertainers whose function is to draw suckers to the gambling joints and bachelors in and around the new hotels?

What about the impressionable teenagers, who have been lured to the city by Altoona's bright lights, only to be seduced into drug addiction and prostitution?

"I GUESS there have been a few incidents," the complacent Rocco said nervously. "Look, kids will flock to any place that promises excitement. If they crack up, it's their fault, or their parents. Nobody forces a needle into their arms, or makes them spend their legs for five bucks."

Your NEWS EXTRA reporter took a walking tour of Factory Street. Starting at the just-opened Altoona Hilton (featuring Cher in the "Venus Room" and Frank Sinatra in the adjoining Starstruck Lounge, we ambled the



length of the thoroughfare, which has been widened since 1970 from two lanes to eight.

We counted nine major hotels, 45 show lounges, 143 massage parlors, 88 dirty book stores, and streetwalkers too numerous to count.

Several towns in each block we were obliged to step onto the street because the sidewalks were jammed with laughing, obviously well-heeled tourists who crowded the entrances of every glittering doorway.

HUGE IN the sky, a few blocks away, an electric sign over City Hall beckoned: "Altoona - Where It's At."

Our job is not to moralize, but to report. If you're looking for a place that combines the attractions of St. Tropez, Copenhagen and Las Vegas, Altoona is the place for you.

If you're a celebrity watcher, you can do no better than take a stroll along Factory Street, as we did. In a two-block stretch, we spotted Brigitte Bardot, Cat Taylor, Richard Burton, Jackie Onassis, Steve McGowan, Axl MacGraw, Rachel Welch, Barbara Bushman, Hippie Starr and Jade the Pony. Altoona is booming, but it also is corrupted by its new-found prosperity. If you're trying to raise your children to love home, family and the American flag, steer clear of Altoona.



The New Altoona at night looks like hustling, bustling Stockholm.



A gentleman can't enjoy his time without a busy trying to sell her wares. Why, it's enough to make a guy retch.



Men in the made turn on the gals in Sin City.

# Horribly Mangled Trucker Claims He Was \$6-Million Man for the Sinister CIA

By DR. MARTIN BARTOW  
BLOODWORTH  
NEWS EXTRA  
Science and Medical Editor

A 40-year-old former cement-truck driver who was horribly mangled in a head-on collision with a freight train claims he was a "\$6-million man" for the CIA. Wilfredo Koffler lost both legs, both arms and his nose in the wreck, which occurred in 1967. Co-workers gave him up for dead.

But that was before government agents found out about him and decided he was ideal for testing, he said.

"They looked back at my war record and saw that I never had done anything wrong—or anything at all, for that matter."

"They thought that no one would suspect me of being a secret government agent and they were right."

"FOR THE past eight years, no one has figured me for anything other than a stupid-looking, doomy schmuck."

As soon as the CIA took charge of Koffler's case, they called in the top medical and scientific experts in the country.

They quickly fitted him with a bionic nose, two bionic arms and two bionic legs, which give him superhuman powers only hinted at in the popular ABC-TV television show, which stars Lee Majors.

"And that wasn't all they gave me," said Koffler as he sipped a beer, a pretty girl hanging onto each of his bionic-looking arms.

"But we won't go in to that."

For five years after his conversation into part-man, part-machine, Koffler worked on only the most secret government assignments.

"Wherever there was a crisis, you were sure to find me," he said.

"I MIGHT be that poor scheme of a peasant peering a pistol cart outside of a secret Russian missile base or the village that near a Red Chinese uranium mine. I could be anywhere."

"And with my legs—I can run 134 m.p.h.—I could get out of anywhere fast, too."

Koffler was responsible for rescuing 17 top American scientists after the rocket they were working on suddenly blasted off from Cape Canaveral and hurtled into space, he said.

"They sent me up in a spaceship, too. It was scary, but I pulled through."

"I can't tell you how I brought those men back down, though. That information is still top secret."

Even though Koffler is pleased with his new limbs and other apparatus, the part of his body he enjoys the most is his new nose.

"I can smell anything out from two miles away," he said. "I can smell a bottle and tell you the precise chemical breakdown of the things inside."

"THAT PROVES invaluable to me in my work today."

Although he refused to speak about his present work, Koffler indicated that he works for a major U.S. perfume manufacturer and that he goes overseas on "top-secret" buying missions in Europe.

His contribution to the firm is partly responsible for the massive influx of exact copies of foreign fragrances on the American market.

Koffler also has connections with other firms that copy competitors' products.

"But I'd give it all up for the chance to pick my nose again," he said.



Lee Majors plays the man with superhuman powers on the popular TV show, "The \$6-Million Man." It's hard to believe that doomy Wilfredo has the superhuman powers of a bionic man. He doesn't even look like Lee Majors.



No one would ever suspect Koffler of being a government agent. In fact, no one would ever suspect him of being alive. But the former trucker claims he was a \$6-million man for the CIA.

# Liz Taylor Pregnant!



Elizabeth Taylor



Richard Burton

Elizabeth Taylor will be an unwed mother. The blessed event will take place next spring, NEWS EXTRA has learned. And Liz and Dick have no intention of rearranging — not even to give their baby a name.

What should have been Hollywood's best kept secret was revealed in this newspaper by a former friend of the actress.

The woman, who asked that her name not be used, decided to blow the whistle on Liz' pregnancy after Miss Taylor reneged on a promise to introduce her to Henry Wynberg.

"I was at a cocktail party with Liz and Dick," said NEWS EXTRA's source. "It was a crushing hour, one of the worst parties I've been to in years."

"Dick is trying very hard to stay in the wagon so I wasn't surprised to see him acting angry. 'I was talking to this dear friend and Liz and Dick were standing close by — close to embrace with me, in fact."

"I HEARD Dick whisper to Liz, 'Let's go make a baby. That's exactly what he said. Let's go make a baby.'"

"Then they left. And without so much as a good-bye to me."

The source added that a few days later, she decided to call Liz and try and find out when she and Richard planned to marry.

"I thought they must already have secretly wed," the woman explained. "After all, people like to not plan out-of-wedlock babies."

"But when I talked to Liz, she insisted that she and Richard have no plans to marry. 'We love each other deeply,' she told me. 'And our future will be happier than we ever before dreamed possible,' she added."

NEWS EXTRA's source said that they then made a date to have lunch two weeks later. But Liz called and postponed it.

"WHEN WE finally had lunch, Liz did not look well," she went on. "She looked drawn and pale and she just pined at her head."

"I expressed my concern and she told me she had just seen a doctor and was perfectly healthy. Liz and I were close enough friends that I could be honest. I told her she looked like hell and ought to see another doctor. She told me, and I quote, 'My condition will take care of itself. Please don't worry.'"

"We talked about other things and Liz promised to introduce me to that darling Henry."

The introduction was supposed to take place a few days later, but reportedly panicked her friend that she would reveal Henry to her home for brunch.

"The morning of the brunch, she called and told me she was just not up to it," the woman told NEWS EXTRA. "I was deeply disappointed but I knew what Liz was going through. I have children of my own, you know."

"I SUGGESTED an alternate date but she vetoed that, saying she had another doctor's appointment."

"I was patient with her, however, me, I was patient. But I was dying to meet Henry."

After several weeks passed, Liz' friend decided to take matters into her own hands.

"I called Elizabeth and told her that I was having a little get-together. I invited her and Richard, and I asked her if I might invite Henry."

"She told me to go ahead and ask Henry because she wouldn't be at my party. The doctor had told her to rest."

"Well, I couldn't ask that darling man without a suitable introduction from Elizabeth, so I canceled the whole thing."

"I figured it was time to be honest with her so I asked her outright if it was true that she is pregnant."

"And do you know what that witch said? 'She hung up on me.'"

## Her Old Beau, Henry Wynberg, Is Hocking Used Cars Again!

The sign says, "Gary's Largest Used Dealer."

But the traffic jams in front of the lot is not people wanting to trade their Cadillacs, Fords and Buicks in for an old, beat-up Edsel.

Under the sign is a life-sized blowup of Elizabeth Taylor and Henry Wynberg.

Yes, Henry is back in the used car business and this time, he is selling Edsels in Gary, Ind.

Wynberg has only a few Edsels on the lot. He has taken beat-up pickup trucks and motorcycles for trade.

The sign does not lie, however, because Wynberg is Gary's only Edsel dealer.

Wynberg greets prospective used car buyers with an subtitled hand.

"Hi, I'm Elizabeth Taylor's old boyfriend, Henry Wynberg," he says. "Buy a car, say car, not only an Edsel, and I'll give you an autographed picture of Liz and me. Free."

photos from an inside pocket of his worn sports jacket. You can't help but notice the pictures are signed only by Henry.

"Buy a has-been from a has-been, ya get it?" says Wynberg, laughing with abandon.

"This little baby over here is a real jewel," super-salesman chants. "It's got a believe charm," he says, with a job to the buyers' risk.

"And you know I know my charms!" While Wynberg laughs, the buyer has a chance to look at his jewel.

The Edsel's most distinctive feature was the grill. It looked like a man sucking a lemon. But the car on Wynberg's lot had a grill so mangled, it looked more like a man bludgeoned his nose.

"SOUL, BUDDY," says Wynberg. "Don't let that stop you from taking a spin in this gem. A couple bucks at a body shop, and the grill will be as good as new."

"Come on, let me take you for a ride," he smiles. "I was sure taken for a ride."

With that, Wynberg laughed so hard he had to blow his nose, at which point he looked just like the Edsel.

The Edsel was a 1967 model, the one that strongly resembled a '68-'69 Pontiac.

"Wanna drive?" asks Wynberg. "Forget it, I'll show you how this baby burns. And I haven't heard a belly purr for a long time."

He forget the keys.

"Gotta tell my partner I'll be out for a while anyway," Henry says, looking a sorry.

Shuffling to a slushy at the back of the lot, Henry tells a little boy — maybe 10 or 11 — that he has a live one.

"SHOULD DOWN the fort, kid," he says, grabbing a ring of keys. "And remember to tell them they got a free picture of me and Liz if they buy."

Henry wheels the Edsel out of the lot, pitching the customer: "There's a lot of power here, 345 of them. This is real clean and I know chas."



You'd have to be a sucker to buy an Edsel that looked like this. He wouldn't even buy it if Liz was the salesperson.

"Hey, better fill this baby up," he says with surprise, puffing into a colorful gas station in downtown Gary.

While the gas jock feeds the pumps, Henry leans his piston.

"Ya' know, when Liz and I were together, she always said I had more on the ball than any of her husbands."

"Was a real schlemiel to let that chink go."

The gas jockey tells Wynberg the gas costs \$18.75.

Henry fills the seat and reaches into a threadbare hip pocket for his wallet.

"HEY MAN," he tells the prospect. "I musta left the damn thing back in the office. Pay the guy, friend, and I'll give ya' the bread when we get back."

The prospective buyer does as he is told and Wynberg takes him for a scenic ride through downtown Gary.

Back in the lot, Wynberg takes the prospect into the office.

"Ya' wanna buy, huh? huh?"

"Listen, you're a classy guy and I like your style. \$750 and the baby's yours. Now ya' got the cash or ya' wanna give me a check?"

The customer, a little embarrassed tells Henry he'll be back later.

"Hey man, these autographed pictures of me and Liz are going fast. Might not be any left in a couple hours."

"MR. WYNBERG, if you'll just give me my \$10.75 for the gas, I'll go across the street and call my wife and have her meet me here later," the prospect tells him.

"Hey man, tell you what I'll do. You can have that picture and if you buy now, I'll give you a real prize. See this watch? Well, I'll give it to me and it's engraved on the back. You buy this car you get the picture and the watch. Deal?"

"Deal," the prospect says.

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"Deal," the prospect says.

HE PULAS a wad of wrinkled



Henry's used car lot looks more like a junk yard.

Henry Wynberg

## How Brenda Met Clyde!

"The only thing is, when we make love — which is four or five times a day, Brenda makes me wear that damned hairy suit.



Rita (left) and Amanda peer over Tommy Jr.

## INCREDIBLE, BUT TRUE!

# Chimp Baby-Sits for Mom While She Slaves in Husband's Shop!

When doctors told Rita and Tom Fillingworth they could not have a family, they were shattered.

And like many childless couples, they devoted their time to a thriving retail tire business and lavished their love and affection on pets.

After 19 years, a miracle took place: Rita became pregnant.

The Fillingworths were, of course, delighted. But they were also quite set in their ways.

They enjoyed working together in the business they had built and now a baby would come between them.

"For a while, it seemed the only thing I could do would be stay home with the baby," said Rita. "After all, a smelly retread tire shop is no place for an infant."

BUT AS time for the baby's arrival grew nearer, Rita knew that she would be miserable sitting home all day while Tom went to the tire shop alone.

"We decided to hire a nanny," Rita told NEWS EXTRA. "I placed an ad in the neighborhood paper and must have gotten some 30 applicants."

"Some were lovely women and

just the type Tom and I wanted to care for the baby. But the minute they found out about the animals, they refused the job."

Tom Fillingworth added that they have two parrots, a pair of parakeets, an Alaskan husky, two black cats, two Siamese cats and a chimp named Mandy.

"One lady told us right out that she wanted to be a baby nurse, not a housekeeper for a couple of weirdos—moving on, I guess," Rita giggled.

"That's how we got the idea."

She told NEWS EXTRA that Tom had trusted their chimp Amanda to help with household chores.

"With both of us working, Mandy has been a real help. She dusts the furniture, runs the vacuum and even pops dinner in the oven about five o'clock," she explained.

"WE FIGURED if she can do all these things, why not have her care for the baby."

The next step was the toughest one.

"My doctor told me about expectant parent classes held weekly at Kay's Chiropractic," Rita went on. "He seemed very odd on them so Tom and I agreed they might be the way

to train Mandy for her new job."

"The chimp isn't dumb, but her powers of retention aren't that great. We waited until six weeks before baby was due to start to school."

When Rita, Tom and the chimp walked into Kay's for the first session, the ROM in charge threw them out.

"But lucky for us, we found out that her husband has been our customer for years!" Tom told NEWS EXTRA. "I asked him to talk to his wife and sure enough, she called and apologized and asked us to join the class."

IT WAS readily apparent that Mandy was cut out for baby-sitting. She was adept at changing diapers and holding the dolls they used at the classes.

"Of course, she shouldn't prepare formula," said Rita. "But she is terrific when it comes to bottle feeding and burping."

"She does many of the things far better than I do."

Tom had used his retread tire chest to get Amanda into the expectant parent classes, but he failed

in getting hospital administrators to allow the chimp rooming-in privileges when the baby was born.

"I checked my records and there was not a single bag shot on my customer list," he said. "I guess when you drive a Cadillac, you don't buy retreads."

"We did the next best thing and hired Rita's doctor. Then we got a midwife to deliver the baby at home."

RIGHT FROM the start, Amanda took a big-sister approach to caring for little Tom Jr.

And three weeks after his birth, Rita returned to work, confident that her son was in good hands.

"It's working out beautifully," she told NEWS EXTRA. "The baby is getting good care and lots of love, a thing sometimes lacking when you have a baby nurse."

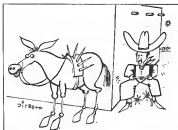
"The only problem is that Tommy gets all of Mandy's devotion and attention. Three nights in a row, she burned the toaster and Tom and I had to order pizza."

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Okay, but if no one buys you a drink in 10 minutes, tell you go.



Say 'Good-bye'!



I know the money's good, but I'll be glad when you don't have to work the night shift.

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This will give you some idea how the material will look on you, readers.



I wish I could tell you more, but I've already told you more than I was told myself!



Have you been married before?



## Serves This Hussy Right!

When U.S. Postal Service officials approved the appointment of Becca Mae Crenshaw as Postmaster of tiny Acorn, Ark., they never suspected that she would create a raging controversy. Miss

Crenshaw became a target for seagry Acorn housewives when she insisted on making her deliveries while wearing a skin-tight pair of blue jeans shorts. Shortly after this photograph was snapped, an utterly

tragic event took place. Miss Crenshaw was tarred and feathered by a mob of screaming females, as was Herman Shutterworth, the NEWS EXTRA cameraman who took the picture.

# A Royal Scandal Brews!



Jackie loves to swim in the bay while Vitor uses a high-powered rifle to pick off the sharks that come too close to the widow.



## Dashing King Woos Jackie!

By BARNEY FILFOT  
Foreign Correspondent

Jackie Onassis has a new major the dashing handsome king of Misar, Vitor III.

The ruler of the tiny Alps kingdom reportedly has wooed Jackie by promising to buy her the late Aristotle Onassis' yacht, the Christina, now up for sale. Jackie requested the yacht as her home away from home during her 2 1/2-year marriage to Onassis.

King Vitor, 48, is married to Queen Beza, his fifth cousin. Thus a scandal that may rock all of European royalty is in the making.

However, Beza and Vitor are as the oats, ever since she held that famous news conference with foreign journalists last spring.

In it, she said she saw nothing wrong with two people meeting outside. "It's no different than people of my generation who married their first just and did their first bit of speed," Beza said. She is 28.

BEZA ALSO said she would not be too upset

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to learn that her 16-year-old stepdaughter, Princess Margarita (daughter of Vitor and his first wife, the late Queen Maxima, who died herself to death), participated in bisexual orgies.

"If teenagers are mature enough to handle sex, I have nothing against it," Beza said. "I would hope that she would confide in me first, though. Hey, could I give her a pointer or two?"

At any rate, King Vitor's popularity suffered a significant dip when Queen Beza gave her views.

European royalty watchers feel that Vitor may elect to divorce Beza. And now that Jackie is in his life, the rumors have grown to roars.

A confidante of the king told this newspaper: "Keep my name out of this because I'll be behind if Vitor finds out I said, but he and that Onassis woman are hooked up on the island of Sharkpat."

YOUR NEWS EXTRA reporter is very familiar with Sharkpat Island, located in the eastern Mediterranean near Cyprus.

It is a striking, picturesque piece of land and rock, rising to higher than 30 feet out of the sea at its highest point, during high tide. The average daily temperature is 130. Only the hardest plants can grow on its barren rock.

Until King Vitor III made it his pleasure spa, Sharkpat Island was uninhabited, except for acrobats and other leather-clad circusmen.

The Nazis occupied it in 1941, with the idea of turning it into a 170-square-mile total area into a death camp for Greek and Yugoslavian political dissidents.

HOWEVER, the Nazis abandoned the place in 1945 after Reinhold Heinrich Himmler visited it, and ruled that the island was far too miserable, even for his peculiar crowd.

King Vitor bought Sharkpat Island in 1966 from the Greek government at a cost of \$40

million rouders (about \$1M), cleared out the poisonous reptiles, planted a few palm trees (which promptly died) and built a villa.

There was no need for security precautions such as bodyguards, virus dogs, patrol boats, etc. No sane person would come within 100 miles of the stinking place.

King Vitor III used Sharkpat Island as his wooing spot. Dozens of European Jewish jewelers accompanied him there while his first Queen, Maxima, lay dying from liver disease back in the royal palace in the Misar capital city of Tilleran.

YOUR NEWS EXTRA reporter was there in 1969 when Vitor took Beza, then 18, as his bride. Most of the press corps came down with Swamp Fever as a result of their exposure to the island's molderous climate.

Sharkpat now is the site where Vitor is romancing Madame Onassis.

"Jackie loves to swim in the small bay at the east end of the island while Vitor sits on a rock with a high-powered rifle, picking off sharks that come too close to her," the royal confidante said.

"In the long semi-tropical evenings, they sit on the veranda of Vitor's villa, drinking cups of strong drink made from distilled coffee grounds and caramel, while Jackie's stand by with aerosol cans of Fand, to dispel the giant disease-carrying mosquitoes that infest the island."

"Vitor has told me he is much smitten with the Onassis widow. However, he has avoided talk of marriage. I think he wants to see how much Jackie is going to get from Onassis' will, before he makes a move."

FOR HER part, Jackie is said to be enamored with the king.

A friend quoted her: "I've been everything except a queen, and if Vitor can get rid of that pervert he's married to, I might consider making him my third husband."

It is known that Jackie insisted that Vitor

buy her the Onassis yacht if he expects her to continue being his girl.

It is no trouble at all for Vitor to foot the Royal Misar Treasury, to buy the multimillion-dollar vessel.

However, it is reported to be balking at the purchase because Sharkpat Island's own natural harbor is unsuitable to any boat that draws more than four feet of water.

THUS, the Christina would have to be anchored two miles out to sea.

The king also hesitates, it is said, because no one in his Royal Navy has the expertise to run the yacht, not even his 13-year-old nephew, Grand Admiral Morington P. Hachmannoff, head of the navy.

"If the king can figure a way to designate the harbor to make it bigger, without sinking the whole island, he will buy the yacht for Jackie," NEWS EXTRA was told.



King Vitor III



Jackie Kennedy Onassis